

Hymns of Praise

Sunday June 19, 2022

#26

As pants the hart for cooling streams
when heated in the chase,
so longs my soul, O God, for thee
and thy refreshing grace.

For thee, my God, the living God,
my thirsty soul doth pine;
oh when shall I behold thy face,
thou majesty divine?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God who will employ
sure aid for thee, and change these sighs
to thankful hymns of joy.

God of my strength, how long shall I,
like one forgotten, mourn,
forlorn, forsaken and exposed
to my oppressor's scorn?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
praise to thy God, the living God,
thy health's eternal spring.

Words: Psalm 42; paraphrase, Tate and Brady's New Version 1696

Music: Hugh Wilson

Tune: Martyrdom

Anthem

THE LORD'S PRAYER
(Albert Hay Malotte) (1935)

Our Father, which art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy Name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done in earth,
As it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our debts,
As we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation;
But deliver us from evil:
For thine is the kingdom,
and the power,
and the glory,
for ever.
Amen.

#434

For the beauty of the earth,
for the beauty of the skies,
for the love which from our birth
over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to thee we raise this our sacrifice of praise.

For the beauty of each hour
of the day and of the night,
hill and vale, and tree and flower
sun and moon and stars of light,
Lord of all, to thee we raise this our sacrifice of praise.

For the joy of ear and eye,
for the heart and mind's delight,
for the mystic harmony
linking sense to sound and sight,
Lord of all, to thee we raise this our sacrifice of praise.

For the joy of human love,
brother, sister, parent, child,
friends on earth and friends above,
for all gentle thoughts and mild,
Lord of all, to thee we raise this our sacrifice of praise.

For each perfect gift of thine,
to the earth so freely given,
graces human and divine,
flowers of earth and buds of heaven,
Lord of all, to thee we raise this our sacrifice of praise.

Words: Folliot Sandford Pierpoint (1835-1917)

Music: Adapted from a Chorale by Conrad Kocher (1786-1872)

Tune: Dix

#830 – Doxology

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
praise him all creatures here below;
praise him above, ye heavenly host;
praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Words: Thomas Ken (1637-1711). Music: Genevan Psalter 1551; Tune: Old 100th

#290

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
in light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
almighty, victorious, thy great name we praise.

Un-resting, un-hasting, and silent as light,
nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in might;
thy justice like mountains high soaring above
thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

To all life thou givest, to both great and small;
in all life thou livest, the true life of all;
we blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
then wither and perish, but nought changeth thee.

Great Father of all glory, pure Father of light,
thine angels adore thee, all veiling their sight;
all laud we would render: oh help us to see
'tis only the splendour of light hideth thee

Words: Walter Chalmers Smith (1824-1908)

Music: Welsh folk song from Caniadau y Cyssegr 1839

Tune: St. Denio